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[NEW SERIES.



**Merrilands Farm.**

By MRS. L. B. WALFORD.

PART IV.

"I AM sure I don't know when I've felt so happy—so comfortable," exclaimed Bertha Saxby to her sister, when the two were left alone to make a hasty preparation for supper, having arrived safely at Merrilands Farm about half-an-hour before.

The journey from London had been hot and

"DON'T GO AND GET CONFIDENTIAL."

fatiguing; and poor Bertha, who was still weak after her long illness, had been sorely tried by it. She had had to sit bolt upright all the time;

for the compartment was full, and some of her neighbours had even looked rather gloomily at the box which Harriet placed for her sister's feet, and which certainly was not a particularly welcome addition to the already well-filled carriage.

When Chester station at length was reached, Bertha had stepped out upon the platform feeling as though she could go no further, and do no more; but Harriet, who had the makings of an excellent nurse, was prompt to remedy this state of things.

"We are to find Mr. Dew in his trap outside," she said; "but as he is to wait patiently till we come, he must not mind waiting a little longer. Just you come straight off to the refreshment-room; and I'll leave you there with a cup of tea, while I rout out our trunk, and get a porter to help me to find where the trap is likely to be."

So saying she had marched Bertha off under her arm, installed her in a quiet corner with the much-needed refreshment before her, and proceeded to carry out the rest of her programme.

On her return with the announcement that the farmer was there, that he was a nice, hearty, old man, whom she had discovered in a moment, and that everything was ready if Bertha was ready too, Bertha, quite cheered up, stepped along almost as briskly as she had done in the morning.

The pleasant country drive had cooled her brow, and chased away her headache long before their charioteer, with his whip, pointed out the red-tiled roof of his own domain, just visible above its blossoming orchards; and both sisters had uttered many expressions of pleasure and admiration ere the little party rattled down the narrow incline, and drew up at the green gate before the farmhouse door.

Here they had met with another kindly welcome. "Just as if we had been friends come on a visit!" Bertha confided to her sister, afterwards. "I don't feel a bit tired now. But I am hungry again, in spite of my tea. Poor Harriet, you had no tea: you ought to be ready for your supper, I am sure."

Harriet owned she was quite ready; she was "as hungry as a hunter," and suspected she would "astonish them all with her appetite."

She did not know that it took a great deal to astonish the inhabitants of Merrields Farm on such a point. Good Mrs. Dew would have thought something must be very wrong indeed with Harriet Saxby had she beheld her making an ordinary meal at her own frugal board. Harriet had a way of looking at every dish there, with a view to its reappearance; and though she would not exactly stint her brother and sister, she usually put upon her own plate such of the parings and trimmings as left either the joint,

or the pie in what she considered to be a fit state for the next day's dinner.

This was an idea which would never have occurred to the mistress of Merrields Farm, who, having always lived in the midst of her own produce, and never having had to purchase poor viands at high prices from sharp-fisted tradespeople, had felt no need of making such calculations.

Accordingly, the board which was now spread before the eyes of the London visitors was not only tempting to eye and nostril, but was ample and generous beyond anything to which they had hitherto been accustomed.

Nor did they find it at all amiss to have the table laid out in the midst of the spacious, old-fashioned kitchen, with its well-polished dressers, and black-beamed rafters overhead. Bertha's artistic nature was enchanted with such quaint surroundings.

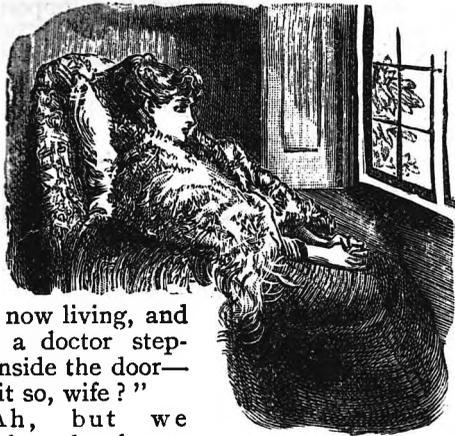
She could appreciate the breadth and height of the huge fireplace, the beauty of the dark oak settles, whose curious carving was shown up by the bright rays of the sinking sun, which lit up also the many rows of twinkling things upon the wall—and last, but not least, the pretty flower-like face of Lettice Dew, all aglow with curiosity and interest.

Lettice was indeed in the seventh heaven. She was not particularly attracted by Miss Saxby, to be sure—Miss Saxby who was a good many years older than herself, and who had a hard, knowing face, together with a somewhat rasping intonation of voice—but she liked the look of Bertha wonderfully.

To begin with, Bertha was, she judged, about her own age; and then she had a sweet, pale countenance, and spoke much more gently, and moved much less decidedly than did her sister. Also Lettice could see that whereas Miss Saxby was loud in approbation of her new quarters, and eyed the well-spread board with a look of keen satisfaction and appreciation, Bertha's softer glances roved round and round, and took in all the surroundings, with evident participation of the feelings they inspired in Lettice's own breast.

They now sat down to supper.

"And so you like the look of the place, do you?" observed the farmer, taking up huge mouthfuls of a strong, supporting soup. "Well, we do say we think it's a pretty bit of country; and for *health*, there's no air like it that I know of. The wife and me, we've brought up eight of 'em, and the few we lost, 'twas before we came to Merrields Farm; and they didn't die in a way that could be helped, neither," in parenthesis. "We've brought 'em up, the whole



eight now living, and ne'er a doctor stepped inside the door—isn't it so, wife?"

"Ah, but we shouldn't be boasting." Mrs. Dew's eyes shone with pride, nevertheless. "They say if you begin to boast, you're sure to be tripped up some way or other before long. I'll not deny that we've been wonderful favoured in the matter of children."

"But where are they all?" enquired Miss Saxby, briskly despatching her soup, and thinking she had never tasted better. "Is there only you at home?" she added, looking at Lettice across the table.

"Only me," Lettice smiled back. "I'm all that's left. And I'm only left because I'm so much younger than the others. They are all gone out into the world——"

"Most of 'em's married, and got children," chimed in Mrs. Dew. "We have nineteen grandchildren, father and I; and two or three great-grandchildren, out in furrin' parts. Our eldest son, him as went out to Californy, he's a grandfather himself—seein' as he wed almost as soon as he was a man. Then there's our second——"

"Aye, we can hear all about him when you've cut up the roast," interrupted her husband, good-naturedly; "when you've given us our share to eat, you can talk if you've a mind. You see, nodding to the strangers, "this is my daughter to-day; for as you was coming, she indicated his wife, "it would be kind of sociable for us all to sit down together on something hearty; and we don't have meat here a day at the farm: we dine between two and one, and sup about now—but though pies and puddings are all very well, your stomach wants to want something more when its been a long way travelling in a railway train. So the missis, she said, 'They'll want their dinner, and I was agreeable.'" And having delivered himself of this speech—a much longer one than

it was usual for him to make—the worthy farmer fell to work upon his plate, and did ample justice to the good helping of roast lamb in clear, brown gravy, wherewith his wife had meantime supplied him.

"And what a beautiful cucumber," exclaimed Harriet Saxby, indicating one which reposed on its bed of green in front of her. "I never saw a cucumber like that before! It looks as if it were all covered with dew."

"Lor bless you, that's the bloom," explained Mrs. Dew, with a frank smile of amusement. "Haven't you never seen a cucumber with the bloom on? That's what they look like when they're fresh gathered, my dear."

"I have only seen them in greengrocers' shops," replied Harriet, accepting a broad slice. "My brother is very fond of cucumber, and I am always particular to get him a fresh one—at least what the man calls fresh—but I certainly never saw one with all those little dewy beads upon the green rind; it always looks quite smooth and dry."

"We think they're only fit for the pigs then," commented Mrs. Dew, good-naturedly; "and if you like to send one of these to your brother, —but 'twould be spoilt before it could reach him."

"No, indeed; I am sure it would be a great deal better than anything he could get," cried Harriet eagerly, for she foresaw an opening, and was quick to take advantage of it. "If you only saw the wretched things they sell us in London; and the difficulty we have when we want to get a nice vegetable!"

"To think of that now! Difficulty in getting a vegetable! And vegetables are as easy to grow as weeds, once they're in the garden. To be sure, cucumbers, they are a little bit o' trouble—if you're one who regards trouble—but Lettice here, she looks after them. She's got 'em in an old frame, round the corner of the yard, where the sun strikes hot; and they have plenty of good manure under 'em, and they're coming on beautiful every day now."

"Lettice, you've got plenty more to cut, haven't you?" after a moment's pause,

"Anyway, you'll be able to spare some for Miss Saxby's brother—supposing they'd be fit to eat when he got em," said Mrs. Dew, to whom the hint had been quite sufficient. "If you think it worth your while, Miss," to Harriet, "you shall send him some garden stuff whenever you please."

Harriet's eyes sparkled. Worth her while indeed! and she thanked the kind speaker with a warmth and energy which was quite enough for Mrs. Dew, and which betokened



INSTALLED HER IN A QUIET CORNER.

well for a good understanding in future between the parties.

Apple-tart and cream, scones and tea-cakes having concluded the repast, all rose; the farmer briefly returned thanks for the meal, and a stroll outside was suggested, while it was being cleared away.

"You go with them, Lettice," Mrs. Dew nodded to her daughter. "Sarah and I will see to the washing up. Show them round—that is if miss," turning to Bertha—"I don't know your name, miss, but, perhaps, having been sick, you oughtn't to be out in the cool of the evening?"

"I don't really think you ought, Bertha," appended her sister; "you had better go upstairs, and rest in the sitting-room."

"And let me come with you," cried Lettice,

who had been waiting for this opportunity. "If you like I'll unpack your things?"

"No, thank you; I always do that for myself," interposed Harriet, turning round rather sharply; "and I think Bertha had better be quiet till I come in."

Bertha, however, to her sister's surprise, here spoke up for herself. She would go to the sitting-room, and rest in one of the delightful arm-chairs she had seen there; but she would like, above all things, to have the company of "Lettice"—and, as she pronounced the name with a slight hesitation, she turned such a soft, winning glance upon the blushing girl at her side that the two were friends upon the spot.

"But now, whatever you do, don't go and get *confidential*—mind that," exhorted Harriet, within the sanctity of their own bedroom, as she put on her hat and extricated a woollen wrap for Bertha to put on if she wished to sit by the open window. "Find out all you can about these folks and their ways. It will be useful for us to know, and it will amuse you to hear; but there's no need to make them free of all the ins and outs of our life. I fancy they are of the pious sort, and would be dreadfully shocked at anything that wasn't exactly according to their notions. They are nice enough, and seem inclined to treat us well; and I've no fancy for running against people's prejudices. It doesn't answer. So just take care how you talk, and suit yourself to your company, as I've always told you. We shall have to go to church while we're here, and do all those kind of old-fashioned things; and there's no need to let it out that we're different at home. There now," wrapping her sister up affectionately, "don't you go and tire yourself, and I'll come in and put you to bed in half-an-hour or so, and do all the unpacking afterwards."

She was right in divining that it would have been a shock to the Dew family to learn in what a godless state the Saxby's lived, when free from all restraint and obligation. Even the gentle Bertha knew nothing of religion, and had, so far, felt no need either of its power or consolations. More than once, it is true, during the past few weeks, when she had had, perforce, many quiet hours in which to think, and when it had been borne upon her mind that Death had nearly had her for his own, Bertha had feebly wondered where she might have been now had she been cut down in her youth, and without even knowing that eternity was at hand.

In the little sitting-room she had noticed a large leathern-bound Bible; and the idea had

occurred to her that she would probably have to spend many an occasional hour by herself, while Harriet was rambling about the country—(for Harriet was a great walker, and could never endure being “penned to the house,” even in rough weather)—it had occurred to Bertha, we say, that here would be an opportunity of finding out for herself something about this religion whereof, poor girl, she knew as little as the veriest heathen.

Her parents had been, if not open scoffers, at any rate, absolutely indifferent to it. Caring nothing for the service of God themselves, they had never taught their children to care either; and in consequence, the latter had grown up in all the blackness of ignorance, and scarce knew the great truths of Christianity even by name.

Harriet's aim in life was to “*get on*”; to keep things straight until such time should arrive as that the three should, either together or separately, regain the position from which they had fallen since the death of their father. She desired to be rich, prosperous, and popular; to be surrounded by comfort, and to live in pleasure. As for what would happen when she came to *die*, that she concerned herself not about at all.

Bertha had purer aims. To pursue her art in peace, to be allowed to bury herself in it, to be beloved of her friends, and to lead a gentle, inoffensive existence was all she desired; but, nevertheless, it no more entered into her heart than into her sister's to conceive that she had been sent into the world, a being destined for immortality, to be trained for it by the discipline of God's holy Providence, and to render to Him in return the offering of a loving, daily worship and faithful service.

As for Philip Saxby, he lived the life of other young men: not a coarse, gross life, because he was not tempted thereto, but it is sufficient to say that he was under no restraint as regarded anything to which he was tempted, and that the set in which he moved was composed of young men as free-thinking and free-living as were to be found anywhere.

To his sisters he naturally presented his best side. It was not necessary to instruct them in all that he did, nor to take them to the places he frequented. It was enough to say “I am not coming home to-night” when he had formed an engagement—and to do him justice, he seldom absented himself without thus considerately informing them beforehand.

They never asked inconvenient questions. Harriet had early instructed Bertha in the proper reticence to be observed by sisters to-

wards a brother, especially towards a brother on whom they were dependent for their daily bread.

“We have no need to know anything about him, except what he tells us himself,” she had laid down emphatically.

And Harriet Saxby, who loved her brother and sister as well as she could love anyone, who did the very best she could for them according to her lights, considered that in thus summing up, she was acting the part of a wise and prudent elder towards the two whom she had to take under her wing, and pilot through the quicksands of life.

We are now in possession of as much insight into the characters and dispositions of the Saxbys as is necessary for the purport of this little story. We can see the clever, practical elder sister turning every opportunity to account which may advance their interests, or further their promotion; we can picture the gentle and indolent Bertha allowing herself to be led whithersoever this sister would, convinced that whatever Harriet did was for the best, and finding nothing more simple than to obey Harriet's dictates without giving herself the trouble of thinking whether they were right or no. We can also imagine Philip Saxby, the lax, easy-going, pleasure-loving young artist, entirely his own master, beholden to nobody, under nobody's control or supervision—liking his work and doing it with ability and success—but under no obligation as regarded time or place, indeed enjoying a life too free from every sort of tie and obligation to be perfectly safe even for a man possessed of far higher principles and more sterling character than his.

No trio of persons could have had less in common with the trio now left at Merrieland's Farm, and it remains to be seen how the alliance formed between the parties, which has been recorded above, ripened into intimacy, to what curious episodes it gave rise and in what unlooked for complications it finally plunged one and all.



EVERY careful student of the lower animals must acknowledge that even the brute thinks, remembers, fears and loves. These are not only manifested by the animals, but shown in different degrees, and, just as we can reasonably expect, the greater the degree of intelligence, the more nearly the brain is like to that of man. Also, the brains of animals of one class show different degrees of gradation, when compared with another, and produce unlike intelligences.



## Household Carpentry.—IV.

### How to make a Box. (Continued.)

THE tray must be made so as to come flush with the edge of the box, and must have a contrivance to lift it out by. This can be done by cutting two notches inside each end, such as the fingers can be put in. These notches are best cut with a curved chisel called a gouge, as shown in Fig. 1. Another plan is to put in a brass



FIG. 1.

plate, containing a ring, inside each end, which can be used instead of the notch. Each is fixed with three small screws through the plate, which is triangular. Now you must try and put in the lock. Take out the tray and mark out the place for the lock near the centre of the inside front portion of the box; cut carefully away just enough wood to make room for the lock; this you can do with a chisel. Hold the lock in its place while you cut a hole through the front with a bradawl, for here will be the spot through which the barrel of the key must go. Enlarge this by means of a gimlet, or a small round file, called a rat-tailed file. Then a trifle lower down bore a second hole, enlarge this by cutting away with a small chisel or file, or if you have not these tools use a penknife. This is for the wards of the key, and must be joined to the upper opening, and wants to be done very neatly. Smooth it up with a file, and put in the small brass eyelet you bought with your lock. Now hold the lock in its place, and lock it once or twice to see that all is right, then screw the lock in the hollow prepared for it. Now screw the hinges—which are already fastened to the lid, on to the box—put in the tray, seeing that the lock forms no impediment to it. Next fix the “shoot” of the lock, the plate of which you will have to sink in to the lower edge of the lid. Now see that the box shuts

easily and accurately; take a punch and hammer, and knock down the heads of all the nails a little below the surface of the wood, then putty up the small holes level with the surface; stand the box aside and the putty will harden as sound as the wood itself.

You can make your own putty by mixing whiting with linseed oil, stirring them with a knife, taking care to leave none of it lumpy. Rubbing the outside of your box with sand-paper or glass-paper will take down any little roughnesses. Now examine your work, see if it is creditably done and will bear criticism; if necessary, make any little alterations.

It will be improved in appearance probably, if you stain the outside with a mixture of umber and linseed oil, as directed in Paper II.

Do not put on your stain too thickly; leave no streaks, rub it well in, then varnish it, and when quite dry put on a pair of black strong iron handles. Place them exactly opposite to each other, and screw them so that no rough edge of the screw-heads come above the handle plate to scratch or cut the hand. In Fig. 2

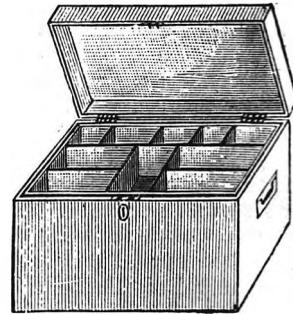


FIG. 2.

we give a representation of what your box should be when open if our directions have been carried out. Let box and tools be kept in a dry place, and keep everything clean, neat, and ready for use. In England we have a saying “that a good workman is known by his tools,” be you among this number.

We have given very full details for making this box so that they may apply to the making of other boxes. You only need make up your mind as to what kind of box you want, and follow out each step carefully, and you will succeed with it as well as if our instructions specially applied to it.

### To Make a Carpenter's Stool.

For heavy work and for supporting wood while it is being sawn, an ordinary stool is not

so good or always substantial enough, it is better therefore to make yourself a stool, or even a pair, if you have an idea of doing much carpentry. In Fig. 3 we give a sketch of such

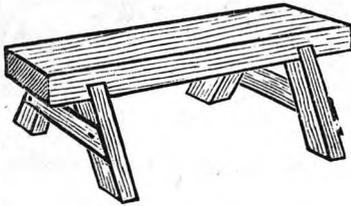


FIG. 3.

an one as you will find handy and very useful. The top is of  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch stuff, about 3 feet long, and 6 inches wide. The feet are of 3-inch quartering. Take care how you cut these pieces, for the feet you notice slope outwards, a piece has to be cut out of the top end of each to receive the top of the stool, and the lower end must be cut so as to stand firmly. The cross rail for binding the feet is one-inch stuff  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. You want some good wrought iron nails for putting this together, and you must bore every hole with a gimlet before driving in the nails or you will most likely split the wood.

#### A Nail Box.

This is a very useful article, one you cannot very well do without if you go in for much work. This does not require a cover, but a divided tray is the best kind of thing, made very much in the same way as the tray inside the tool box, but of half-inch stuff for sides, ends and partitions, the bottom being of three-quarter inch stuff. Let the central division across the tray stand up an inch higher than the rest. Cut through the centre of the upper part of this partition a hole big enough for two or three fingers to pass through, so that it form a convenient handle for lifting the tray. This must be cut and smoothed off before the piece is put into its place in the tray.

Trays and stands for flower-pots may be made after the same fashion. Cut off lengths of wood as long as a window is wide, and put it together much in the same way as the carpenter's stool, but the legs must be very much lighter, and of course longer, so that the height corresponds with that of the window. Cut also a strip of half-inch stuff for sides and ends, to put round the top of the tray, then give it a coat of stain or of enamel paint. It wants to be made light but it must be strong, a ledge of three-quarter inch running the length of the stand, screwed into the top of the end ledges, will strengthen it very much.



**SHEPHERD'S PIE.**—Cut any cold roast meat into small pieces, being careful not to use too much fat, season well with pepper and salt, and, if liked, a little finely chopped onion. Place the meat in a piedish, heaping high in the centre, and half fill the dish with gravy. Mash either cold or freshly boiled potatoes over the fire with a little salt, boiling milk, and a slice of butter. Cover the meat with the mashed potato, smooth, and then rough it with a fork. Bake just long enough to get the pie thoroughly hot through, and brightly brown the potato crust. Serve very hot, and send a little good gravy to table with it.

**BROILED HAM.**—Cut some slices of ham, place them between two thin slices of bread and butter, sprinkle a little cheese (if liked); cut this in squares or rounds, pressing the whole well together. Fry in butter or fat on both sides till the bread has a nice brown appearance. Serve hot.

**GINGER BREAD PUDDING.**—Take 1 lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of suet, half a teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of carbonate soda, a cup of warm milk, and as much treacle as will work it into a stiff paste; to be either baked or boiled; one hour will cook it.

A box of powdered borax should always be kept on the sink shelf. A little added to the water in which dish towels are washed will help much to keep them clean, and at the same time keep one's hands soft and smooth.

**VEGETABLE MARROW AND CHEESE SAUCE.**—Take a good-sized marrow, peel and slice in rounds an inch thick, take out the seeds, boil for  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour; have ready some melted butter (as for fish), and add, but do not boil, 2 oz. grated cheese; strain the marrow and pour over it the sauce.



BY THE REV. CANON GARNIER.

LEVITICAL WORSHIP  
(Continued.)

THE three great classes of Sacrifice, the Sin-Offering, the Burnt-Offering, and the Peace-Offering were described in the last paper.

There still remain one sacrifice that has a supreme claim upon our consideration, both from the position that it held under the Old, and the reference that is made to it under the New Covenant. This is

The Passover.

It cannot be ranged under any one of the great divisions of sacrifice, for it was antecedent to them, and also it embraced in itself the distinctive characteristics of all three.<sup>1</sup>

Thus there was *the sprinkling of the blood* which was so marked a feature in its first institution Ex. xii. 22, 23, and retained in its later observance (2. Chron. xxx. 16; xxxv. 11). This connected it with the *sin-offering*.

There was its affinity to the *burnt-offering* "in its wholeness, in its being roast with fire, and in the remainder being burnt with fire."<sup>2</sup>

But, in the main, it is allied to the *peace-offering*, in respect of the "feast upon the Sacrifice."

In this threefold aspect it received its fulfilment in Christ; "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us" (1 Cor. v. 7); "He is our very Paschal Lamb" (*Comm. Off.*)

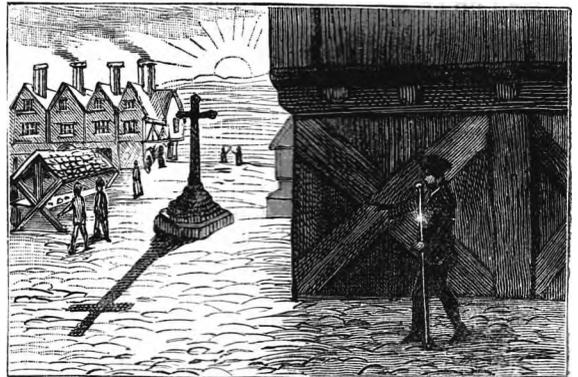
Sacrifice under the New Covenant.

But if Christ be thus "the sum of all the offerings,"<sup>3</sup> does it not mean that all are "done away in Christ"? (2. Cor. iii. 14).

It is true that *in the letter*, as an obligatory system, the First Covenant has waxed old and vanished away. In this respect there was a

weakness and unprofitableness in the Commandment (Heb. vii. 18). "The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did, by the which we draw near unto God." (Heb. vii. 19.) It was, therefore, merely provisional. But, none the less, it had its purpose. It was educational and preparatory<sup>1</sup> for that which was to follow; "the Law having a shadow of good things to come." (Heb. x. 1.) It was to serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things (viii. 5). It was to be a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. (Gal. iii. 24.)

By means of these "ordinances of Divine Service of the first Covenant" (Heb. ix. 1), the Jew was duly prepared for what was coming. As one already discerns the shadow thrown across his path of that which he will see in all its fuller revelation when he emerges on the light, so was it before the day of Christ. In this way the Jew saw the promises afar off, and was persuaded of them.



And the use of this "shadow" has not ceased now that the "body" is with us (Col. ii. 17; Heb. x. 1). It enables us to interpret that body

<sup>1</sup> Willis, "Worship of the Old Covenant," p. 195.

<sup>2</sup> Willis, "Worship of the Old Covenant," p. 195.

<sup>3</sup> Jukes, "Law of the Offerings," p. 34.

<sup>1</sup> Norris "Rudiments of Theology," p. 154.

in any ambiguity, just as every object in nature



will answer to its own reflection. The object itself may be obscured from view, but, if so, the reflection may be relied upon to supply what is lacking. In this way "the law had a shadow of the good things to come."<sup>1</sup>

From this point of view we are to regard the Sacrifice of the Passover, which, as we have seen, gathered up into itself the Sacrificial system of the Old Covenant.

It will be remembered how impressively our Lord introduced a reference to it at the Last Supper:—"With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer; for I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God. And He took the Cup, and gave thanks, and said, *Take this, and divide it among yourselves: for I say unto you, I will not drink of the fruit of the vine, until the Kingdom of God shall come.* And He took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, *This is My Body which is given for you, this do in remembrance of Me*; likewise also the Cup after supper, saying, *This Cup is the New Testament in My Blood, which is shed for you.*" (S. Luke xxii. 15-20.)

It was the Passover Bread over which He gave thanks, and then brake and gave to them. It was the Passover Cup that He blessed and bade them drink. So did the Old Ordinance run up into the New, the Passover find its "fulfillment" in the Holy Communion.<sup>2</sup> The one was the "shadow of good things to come." The other was that "body" which is of Christ. The typical Jewish ordinance becomes the Christian means of grace, "the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." (S. John i. 17.)

This has been drawn out in much detail in our Communion Office; like the Passover, it contains a reference to Christ as the *Sin-Offering*. It pleads before God the Death of Christ upon the Cross, "*Who made there by the oblation of Himself once offered a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world,*" for "as often as we do eat this bread, and drink this cup, we do shew the Lord's Death till He come." (1 Cor. xi. 26.)

Accordingly, we call upon God in the Prayer of Oblation, "*Grant that by the merits and death of Thy Son Jesus Christ, and through faith in His Blood, we and all Thy whole Church may obtain remission of our sins and all other benefits of His Passion.*"

So too, from its correspondence to the Passover, it derives its reference to the *Burnt Offering* which represented the entire consecration of the offerer.

Thus, in the same prayer, "*We offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.*" This is in accordance with St Paul's exhortation, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God which is your reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1.) And at the Holy Communion this is done "in Christ," for "we are sanctified by the offering of His Body once for all," "We are made accepted in the Beloved." (Heb. x. 10; Eph. i. 6.)

But, like the Passover, it is chiefly of the nature of the *Peace Offering* of which the distinctive feature was the meal upon the sacrifice, admitting the "partakers of the altar" to all the Covenant blessings.

Guided by what is thus revealed to us in shadow, we are led to see that this Sacrament admits to all the privileges of the New or Christian Covenant. So our Lord spoke of it as "This Cup is the New Testament (Covenant, R.V.) in My Blood, which is shed for you." (St. Luke xxii. 20.) We therefore ask with confidence, because we ask within the terms of that Covenant, that "*we may be fulfilled with His grace and heavenly benediction.*"

What has been stated may be set out under the comprehensive form of a diagram, shewing the interdependence of the Two Covenants.

The Passover, it will be seen, as a shadow points forward to the Cross. The Holy Communion not only appeals back to it as an accomplished fact; it does more, it issues out of the great Sacrifice, and derives all its efficacy from it. This is the difference between the Two

<sup>1</sup> Freeman, "Principles of Divine Service," II, ii, p. 235.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, II, ii., p. 304.

Covenants: "Christianity is essentially sacramental, as Judaism is essentially typical."<sup>1</sup>

#### Central Positions of the Holy Communion.

This central position in worship belonging to the Passover, under the Old Covenant, attached to the Holy Communion under the New. It is not simply the *first* but the *sole* act of worship instituted by our Lord Himself.<sup>2</sup> It is "the one principal and supreme act."<sup>3</sup> It is the memorial of the Great Sacrifice before God, under its threefold aspect. The Daily Morning and Evening Service, and the Occasional Offices are dependent upon it for their deeper import.

The ordinary worship of the Church, or Daily Morning and Evening Prayer, revolves round this one Service as its pivot. It has, in fact, in a measure, grown out of the ordained *formulae* of words essential to the Sacraments, and is "the proper development of what is contained in them."<sup>4</sup> It is "the Church's great secondary method, with detailed application to her needs, of the merits of the One Great Sacrifice."<sup>5</sup>

These *Daily Offices* are expressly linked on to the Holy Communion by the fact that the *Collect*<sup>6</sup> from that service is "transferable, or communicable rather, to the ordinary Office of the day."<sup>7</sup> It brings them within the scope of our Lord's own ordained Service, much as the daily worship of the Jewish Temple, which the first Christians used to attend, was brought under the same interpretation by their "breaking Bread at home" (Acts ii., 46, R.V.)

In like manner, the *Occasional Offices* of the Prayer Book are to be regarded as so many appendages to the Communion Office. Standing alone they would lose much of that deeper meaning which the great central pleading of the Death of Christ imparts to all subordinate and dependent acts of worship.

Thus, there are Services which actually take place, in part, at the altar rails. This is the case with the Confirmation, Marriage, Ordination, and Coronation Services. Confirmation is, of course, the prescribed step to Holy Communion (*last Rubric*). At Marriage, the Rubric

enjoins "It is convenient that the new-married persons should receive the Holy Communion at the time of their Marriage, or at the first opportunity after their Marriage." In the Service for the Churching of Women there is a corresponding Rubric, "If there be a Communion, it is convenient that she receive the Holy Communion." There is a special Form provided for "The Communion of the Sick." And it is in its proper place on the occasion of a funeral, for from the earliest times the Communion Office has contained a commemoration of those "who have departed this life in God's faith and fear."

This central position of the Holy Communion is emphasised by the large type that is assigned to it in the Book of Common Prayer, and in the Church by the special dignity of its surroundings and position.



**B**EGIN planting out the rooted runners of violets in good rich soil, and an open situation is best. Plant firmly and water well in dry weather. Divide also and replant Christmas roses, and lilies of the valley also.

Shrubby calceolarias planted this month in deeply-dug ground, and with plenty of well-rotted manure down below them, will not "go off" in hot weather, as those planted later too frequently do, even where the soil is light, and will bloom profusely during the entire summer. These useful plants are all but hardy.

Finish planting hardy herbaceous subjects, and keep all moist. Evergreen shrubs may still be planted, also roses turned out of pots. Mulch beds of rose cuttings with leaf mould giving a good watering first. Plant hardy ferns.

THE greatest structure reared by human hands is the pyramid of Cheops. Its height is 450 feet, and each side is 764 feet long. The base covers about thirteen acres, and there are 89,000,000 cubic feet of masonry. It is supposed by some antiquaries that the stones composing it were brought from Arabia, where extensive quarries of the same kind of stone have been found, and were transported by land and water, a distance of 700 miles.

<sup>1</sup> Westcott. *St. John*, p. 114.

<sup>2</sup> *Frecman*, "Prin. of Div. Serv." I., 206.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* I., 165.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* I., 200.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* II., 202.

<sup>6</sup> The *Collect* is defined to be "The gathering out of the Eucharistic Scriptures of the day the topics of a prayer or blessing." *Ibid.* I., 212. *cf.* 141, 146.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* I., 141.



## Father's Boots.

By the Author of "*The Dean's Little Daughter*,"  
 "*With Wind and Tide*," "*Little Lady Maria*," &c.

### Chapter II.

#### The Three Balls.

MEG came back presently; she was not gone long; she had only to go to the top of the court, where, just round the corner there was a narrow dark entry, with a number of doors within that were always swinging open, and over the entry there was suspended a sign—three gilt balls. She came back without the boots.

"I couldn't get more than sixpence, father," she said, with a little catch in her breath, and holding something very tightly clasped in her hand as she spoke. It was the pawnbroker's ticket.

"Only sixpence!" the man repeated, with a sigh, and he held out his hand for the ticket.

"I had better give it to mother," the girl said, and she drew back, and the colour came into her thin face. "Mother always keeps the tickets; I'll put it with the rest."

"Give it to me. I may want it when she's away. Only sixpence for a pair of boots! it wouldn't do to lose the ticket. I'll keep it myself, Meg."

Still the girl held back.

"You'd be more likely to lose it than mother, father. You've got a hole in your pocket; it might fall out. It'll be ever so much safer to keep it with the rest."

The girl was strangely excited; the colour was coming and going in her thin cheeks, and her lips were trembling. The dusk was already deepening in the room, and it was too dark for him to see distinctly. Besides, the man was so weary and indifferent that he did not take much notice. He had no heart left to notice things.

"I suppose you must get some coals to make a fire before mother comes in," he said, making

no further attempt to get possession of the ticket for the boots, "she will bring the tea in with her, but we must get a kettle boiling ready, and you had better get some milk and a loaf."

All this out of sixpence!

Meg was a little conjuror, and she came back presently with the things that she had been sent to fetch, and a bundle of wood besides, her father had forgotten the wood, but Meg never forgot things.

The fire was burning brightly, and the kettle was singing on the hob, when Mrs. Goodman came home from work. She had brought some tea with her, and a candle, and a loaf, and a small, a very small pat of butter. It was lucky that she had brought that loaf, for the one that Meg had been sent to fetch was nearly gone when she came in. The children couldn't wait for tea—for supper rather; they had begun upon the loaf directly, and there was only a crust left. It was astonishing how quickly it had disappeared. Half the money for the boots had already melted away, and the other half was fast disappearing up the chimney in smoke.

Mrs. Goodman's tired face brightened up when she opened the door, and saw her husband and children gathered round that cheerful fire, and the kettle singing on the hob. The cups and saucers were spread for tea, and there were the remains of the loaf on the table.

There could be but one explanation of this unexpected sight. Robert had found work.

"O Bob!" she exclaimed, with a catch in her breath, as she came eagerly into the room, "I am so glad you have got work at last!"

The man turned his head slowly and looked at her with a strange look of pity in his hollow eyes. He was so sorry to undeceive her. She was standing by the table looking so bright and happy, in spite of her weariness, with an unwonted smile on her face as she looked from one to the other of the little group before the fire.

She caught that look in his eyes, and her face dropped.

"No—o," he said slowly, "no such luck!" and he turned away from her questioning eyes and stared hard into the fire.

"But where—where did you get the money for coals and bread?" she persisted, looking with a vague doubt and suspicion at their averted faces.

The children were all with one accord staring hard at the fire, they did not like to meet that question in their mother's anxious eyes.

"There was nothing left to pawn," she

went on, finding they did not speak—"there was nothing left but the blanket—you haven't pawned the blanket?"

"No," said her husband moodily, "we haven't pawned the blanket." And then, whether by accident or intention, he put a foot forward, where the light of the fire fell upon it. A foot that was imperfectly covered by a ragged cotton sock.

"You—you haven't pawned your boots, Bob?"

The man made no answer, but nodded his head,

and stared gloomily into the fire.

Mary quickly put down the things she had in her arms on the table, the tea and the loaf, and she dropped down into a chair, and covered her face with her apron.

It was not often that she broke down, she was a brave little woman, with plenty of courage and a high spirit; she would not have borne up so long, and have borne such times and privations if her high spirit had not carried her

through it. But she broke down now. The sight of Bob's shoeless feet broke her quite down, and she sat rocking herself backwards and forwards in her chair, and sobbing aloud as if her heart would break, while her husband and the children looked on.

"There was no help for it," he said moodily, "the children had had nothing to eat all day, and there was no fire, and there was nothing

else to send. Don't take on so, Mary, we shall get 'em out again soon, please God."

But Mary would not be comforted.

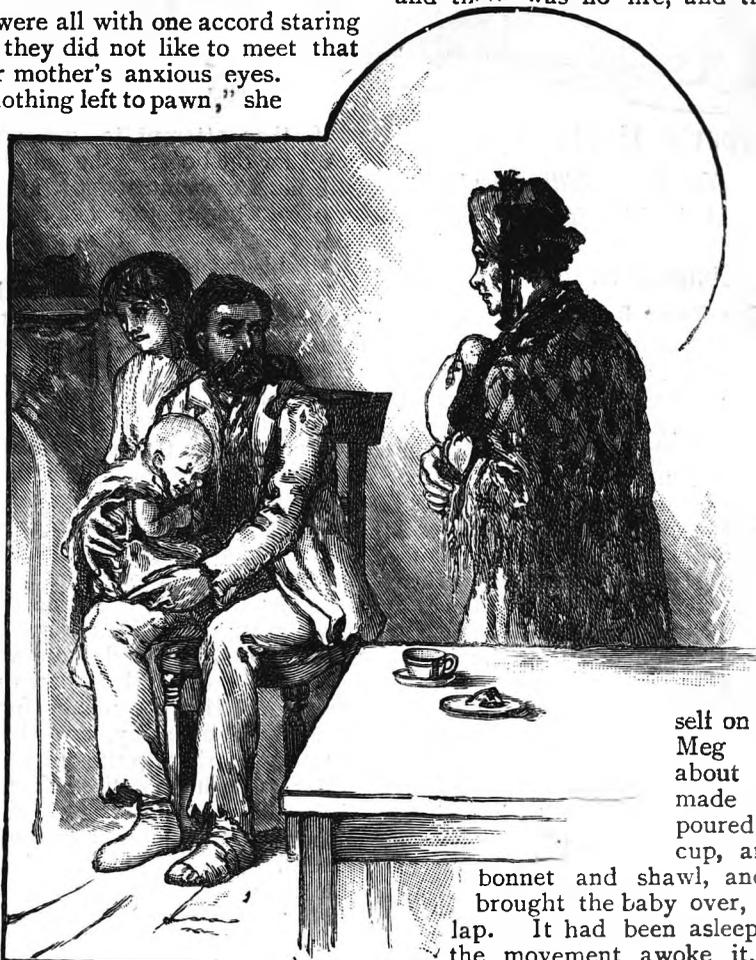
"We shall never get 'em back," she said between her sobs, "we never get anything back—you can't get work without boots—and—now, there's nothing but the 'House' before us!"

She sat weeping, and rocking her-

self on her chair, while Meg busied herself about the tea. She made the tea, and poured her mother out a cup, and took off her

bonnet and shawl, and last of all she brought the baby over, and laid it in her lap. It had been asleep until now, but the movement awoke it, and it opened its blue eyes and looked up into its mother's face and began to laugh and crow. It had made a lovely meal of bread and milk before it fell asleep, and it woke up as bright and gay as if it had opened its eyes in the very best nursery in Buckingham Palace.

It began to crow and pat-a-cake, and the dimple came out in its rosy cheeks, and its eyes sparkled; the weeping mother could not look down upon the lovely face in her lap unmoved. She gathered the babe to her bosom and dried her eyes.



"WITH A STRANGE LOOK OF PITY."

She had no appetite for the bread and butter that they pressed upon her ; she drank the cup of tea silently, and when she had finished it, she got up from the table and put on her things.

"Where are you going, mother," her husband asked, when he saw her putting on her things.

"I am not going far," she said shortly, "I shall be back soon."

"You are not going to take the child with you, Mary, this time of night?"

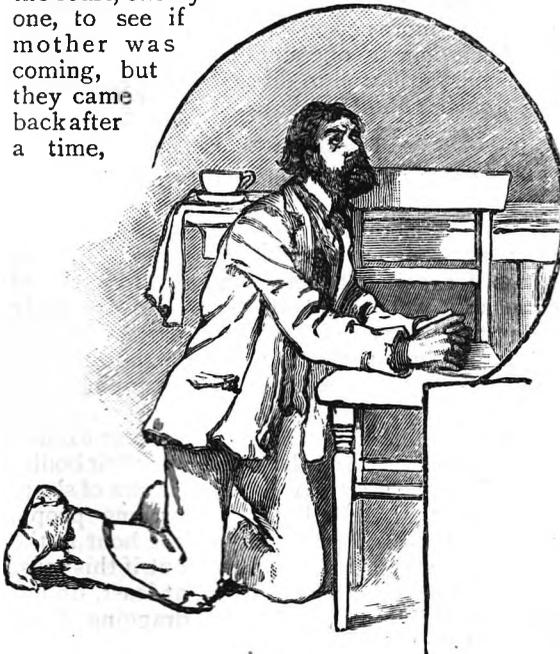
He could not keep a tremor of alarm out of his voice as he spoke. There was something unusual in his wife's manner to-night; her face was flushed, and her eyes were shining: a dreadful doubt half-shaped itself in his mind.

Perhaps she read it there, for she paused at the door, and looked back with a half-pitying, half-reproachful smile.

"No; I'm not going to do the child any harm," she said with a catch in her voice, and then she closed the door behind her, and they heard her going down the stairs.

Where could she be going?

Robert Goodman asked himself the question a hundred times as he sat there brooding over the fire. He would have gone after her if he had any boots to go in. If he went he would have to go barefoot. When he could wait no longer, he sent the children downstairs into the court, one by one, to see if mother was coming, but they came back after a time,



"THREW HIMSELF ON HIS KNEES."

tired of waiting about in the cold March wind; they could see nothing of her.

The time wore on, and still she did not return. When the church clock struck ten, and she had not come back, he sent them out again to the top of the court to look for her.

When they had all gone, and he was alone in the room, Robert Goodman threw himself on his knees beside the chair where his wife had been sitting.

"O God, help me!" he cried in his agony. "Send her back safe, my Mary, my wife, and my little child!"

If any of the lodgers had been passing by that closed door on the top landing, they would have heard an unaccustomed sound within—the voice of a man wrestling with his God with prayer and strong crying.

If Robert Goodman had not sent his boots to the pawnbroker's, he would have gone out into the streets and looked for his wife himself: he would certainly not have been here on his knees. It was only his helplessness, his extremity, that had driven him to his knees.

Perhaps it was God's opportunity.

*(To be continued.)*



### Easter Day.

**H**AIL! best of mornings, crown of all our year,  
 Pledge of our bliss and immortality.  
 Death's doom, and life's eternal victory!  
 The great stone rolled away—He is not here,  
 But angels guard an empty sepulchre,  
 The while the terror-stricken soldiers fly,  
 And holy women leave their spicery  
 To haste with tidings, joy confused with fear.  
 Apostles run; one wonders, one believes  
 At sight of folded clothes and vault all bare.  
 Back they return, but Mary stands and grieves.  
 Him they have laid apart, she knows not where.  
 O strongest love, with richest blessing crowned!—  
 The loving Lord stands by, her lost One found.



## On the Management of Young Children.—IV.

BY MISS C. J. WOOD.

### MANAGEMENT OF HEALTH.

WHEN a child is out of sorts, the popular method of treatment is to run to the nearest chemist and ask for a powder; then when the powder has acted freely, the parent is satisfied that she has done well by the child. Well now, she might have done better by making use of Nature's medicine, leaving the powder for the last remedy, or rather, only giving it by a doctor's orders. Nature's medicine is fruit, and if we want to keep the children healthy we should give them much more fruit than we do, with this precaution, that the fruit is ripe or well-cooked; then the powders might stay in the chemist's bottle for all we want of them. When we use this form of treatment, which is called "opening medicine," we quicken the worm-like movement of the bowels, and we increase the secretion, with the result that there is a reaction, the bowel is sluggish when it has got over the stimulus of the medicine. If, then, we often make use of medicine, the bowel refuses to do its proper work unless it is stimulated by medicine, until at last that unhappy stage is reached that there is no action without medicine.

#### Regular Habits.

In the management of our children we must pay attention to the secretions, as they are called, and it is the duty of every mother whilst her children are young to see that these functions are performed. First the child's body must be taught regular habits. In the case of the infant, it can be taught to relieve itself at a regular hour, and this good habit may be continued by reminder when it is older. There are few parts of the body more susceptible of education, than the bowels. If the children are accustomed to take fruit with the morning meal this will take the place of medicine; the only time when fruit is injurious is in the evening. Supposing that the child's functions are out of

order—and we must expect this sometimes—then, in the case of constipation, alter the food, giving brown bread, stewed prunes, and warm water as a drink; try placing the child in a warm hip bath; use friction over the stomach; and if medicine must be used, then castor oil is the safest. To make this palatable, pour the dose on boiling water; give it as hot as it can be taken. Some people use hot coffee or milk, instead of water; but that may cause a dislike to these drinks in after life. If the child is troubled with diarrhoea, then look to the food.

#### The Cause.

There is something that is irritating the stomach: the milk may not be quite sweet. If a feeding bottle is in use—one with the long tube—put that in the dust-bin, and buy an old-fashioned boat-shaped bottle, or better still, feed with the spoon. If there is anything at all rich in the food, knock that off, until the bowels are quite quiet; lime-water in the milk, barley-water, rice-water are all useful at this crisis; but if the trouble persists, it is wise to take a doctor's advice on the matter. It is perhaps needless to say that the extravagant use of sweets may be the cause of the disturbance; and though I would not say no sweets—for one must remember one's own childhood—still, it must be sweets in moderation, and these bought by the parent, to save the little ones from buying those unwholesome mixtures, which are more poison than sweets. Where the child is a delicate one and comes of a consumptive stock, it is well to dress it in flannel about the stomach and loins.

#### The Great Secret.

The great secret in the management of the children's health is regularity, regular meals, plenty of exercise, plenty of fresh air in the sleeping rooms, as well as by day, early hours for going to bed, and the free use of soap and water. With regard to the early going to bed, we must put in a protest against the late hours at which one meets the children in public conveyances, or accompanying their parents to shop, or, sad to say, in the foul, heated air of the public-house, their brains over excited by the gas lights and the noise, and their bodies cheated of the most health-giving hours of sleep. Why it is that the bulk of our working people will do their shopping at a late hour in the evening is difficult to discover; but if this custom cannot be broken down, at least, do not spoil the children's health by dragging them about at that time.

(To be continued.)



## Papers on the Prayer Book.

BY THE REV. H. BICKERSTETH OTTLEY, M.A.  
Vicar of Eastbourne.

### II. (Continued.)—The Prayer Book: its Standard of Practical Piety.

**E**VEN if no other help to practical piety were rendered by the Prayer Book than is afforded by the prominence given in its services to the Book of Psalms, this one feature would alone, I think you will agree, be sufficient to illustrate the debt we all of us owe to the system of the English Church.

“My sons,” says the eloquent Bishop of Derry to his Oxford audience at the close of his noble Bampton Lectures<sup>1</sup> on the Psalms, “my sons, love and study the Psalter. . . . In it you will find Him whom it is best to know, Jesus, your Lord and your God. And as time goes on, when you bow down in penitence; when you seek for pardon; when your head is bent in sorrow; when you lie on a bed of sickness; when your lips turn white and quiver as you kneel before your dead; as the solemn hour comes, when your spirit must pass into God’s presence, it has treasures which will never fail you.”

Viewed as a manual of *practical* piety, no Book of Scripture is more helpful than the Psalms. On His Cross the dying Jesus Himself has recourse to the Psalms. (Ps. xxii. 1; xxxi. 6.)

#### A Miracle in writing!

From age to age, the Psalter, that “miracle in writing,” that marvellous “spiritual thermometer,” as Bishop Alexander calls it, has given expression to the truest prayers of the world. They are themselves “Prayers,” as has been eloquently said,<sup>3</sup> “which, when once they have been learned, mingle with the memory in other years like the music of a nursery song—prayers which like some mysterious vestment, fit every human soul in the attitude of supplication—prayers for every time, place, circumstance; for the bridal and the grave, the storm

and the battle, the king and the peasant; the sin-stricken woman sobbing on her knees on the penitentiary floor, and the saint looking through the lifted portals into the City of God; from the solitary soul on the hospital stretcher, and the thousands crowded in the great Minster. . . . Such prayers the world has never seen but once.”

And this it is which is offered us in the daily Morning and Evening Prayer of the English Church. And then, as if *this* copious resort to Holy Scripture were insufficient, we pass from the *praise*, or penitence of the Psalms, to the *instruction* contained in the Lessons from the Old and New Testament, and in the Canticles, from all of which the Christian is invited to draw some practical encouragement in that *inner spiritual discipline* which is the only sufficient motive power to that godly, righteous, and sober life which is the ideal of our Book of Common Prayer.

#### The Invitation to Holy Communion.

Take, for another example, the invitation with which our Communicants are invited to draw near the Table of the Lord:—See how they are required, *first*, to *repent*, “truly and earnestly,” of their sins; and, as a consequence of this *inward* and spiritual process of repentance, they are *then* expected to “lead a new life, following the Commandments of God, and walking . . . in His holy ways”:—The *motive* of penitence and faith thus required in order to produce the *practical result* of Christian character and example.

And so it is with all the other parts of the Prayer Book. Throughout everyone of our services, the standard of practical piety set before us by our Liturgy is a standard of inward and spiritual holiness: the testing of our *motives*, bringing of our intentions, our consciences—the innermost and most secret sources of our daily life and character—into the awful light of the holy presence of Almighty God.

#### Outward Results.

And in regard to the second of those two aspects of the Christian life to which allusion has been made; in regard, I mean, to the outward *results*, in practical conduct, of the religion set forth in the Book of Common Prayer; it is scarcely necessary to remind ourselves that its standard of practical piety is of a kind which reaches far and wide and deep and high, into all the departments of human life. At each stage in our life’s experience, the touch of the Good Shepherd is laid upon us with loving and gentle guidance. From the moment

<sup>1</sup> P. 289.    <sup>2</sup> Witness of Ps. 118, 147.    <sup>3</sup> *ib.* p. 146.

when upon the infant brow is traced the sacramental sign of life's true ideal—the figure of the Saviour's Cross—down to the moment when, at the close of its earthly pilgrimage, the dust of the body is reverently committed to the dust from which it sprang, the Prayer Book, as the Christian's practical guide to holy living and holy dying, provides some sweet and moving words of faith and hope and love convenient for every "changing scene in life—in sorrow and in joy." By the plain and scriptural teaching of the duty towards his God and towards his neighbour in the old-fashioned Church Catechism, the child is taught in the home and in the school the true and only basis upon which our civil and political liberties can ever be really secured. Then, at the solemn crisis of his confirmation, the lad or the maiden is shown, lovingly and faithfully, the true malignity of sin, the true nobility of the higher life—the Love of Christ—the power and the Grace of God in enabling that young life to consecrate its health and strength to Christ. Then the regular participation, after due and careful preparation, in the Holy Mysteries of the Bread of Life in the Holy Communion; the consecration of the holy estate of marriage; the visitation of the sick; the burial of the dead; in all these and many other incidents and occasions of human necessity and practical interest, the Book of Common Prayer sets before the Christian believer the standard of a sober, righteous, and godly life. The sailor on the sea, the soldier before the battle, the merchant in his counting-house, the maidservant at her round of humble toil, nay, the "prisoner and captive" suffering the penalty of his crime, the patriotic statesman seeking for the best and surest foundations for national peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety—these, as all other "sorts and conditions of men" will find in their Prayer Book a mirror of practical sobriety, justice and godliness, such as can never be really surpassed.

#### Abstinence.

Do we aim at bodily temperance and sobriety—the restraint of those fearful lusts which desolate our land and fill our gaols with felons and with criminals? The Prayer Book teaches us, not only in the Church's stated days of abstinence and denial, but by the consistent tenor of all its precepts and its prayers, the necessity for bodily sobriety, temperance, and chastity.

#### Obedience.

Do we seek to enforce the value of obedience to parents and to all others in authority, while

at the same time lifting up the poor and humble into the brotherhood of absolute equality in Christ? Do we seek to raise a standard of Christian justice in commercial matters; a standard of honest toil and fair wages and equitable hours; a standard of rational recreation; a standard of physical health and purity in the home; a standard of sanitary vigilance in our municipal life; a standard of personal humility and modesty and contentedness; a standard of sound and useful education and acquisition of learning? In all these, and in every other direction of human activity, our Church Catechism indicates the only direction in which we can ever hope to accomplish our several aims.

#### At Cawnpore.

We are told that "when Havelock's victorious troops entered that room of carnage at Cawnpore, in which upwards of 200 of our countrywomen and their children had been massacred during the mutiny, among other records of the awful struggle there lay upon the floor a copy of our Church services, crumpled and stained with blood, which doubtless had guided the prayers, and comforted the souls of many in that awful hour."<sup>1</sup>

"In all time of our tribulation, . . . in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us."

Let us learn more and more to aim at the devout and spiritual use of this grave and wise old Book of Common Prayer. Let us realize more than before how truly scriptural; how truly sound and Apostolic; how wholly and entirely free from cant, from formalism, from extravagance, from exaggeration, from superstition, from sensationalism, is the ideal of practical piety, set before us by our beautiful Liturgy. It may be that some of us have never till now reflected on its value; never really pondered on its teaching and on its prayers, hallowed as these are by the blood of the martyrs and by the tears of the saints.

It may be that the daily meeting for morning and evening prayer throughout the week will in future be resorted to, at least occasionally, by some who have hitherto regarded those daily "prayer meetings" as a mere survival of superstition; but whether this be so or not, God grant, as we then recal the practical piety which the Prayer Book enjoins, that, in seeking by His grace to lead a godly, righteous, and sober life, we may in all things be taught "this and every day, To *live* more nearly as we pray."

(To be continued.)

<sup>1</sup> Rev. C. C. Mackarness. Message of the Prayer Book, p. 25.



TO-DAY, on Palm Sunday, we draw very near to the Cross. There is but a short interval to separate us from Good Friday, and our thoughts naturally rest upon the closing scenes of the life of Christ. His triumphal entry into Jerusalem is the first step on that Way of Sorrows which leads to Calvary.



WHEN our Saviour offered up His Sacrifice on the Cross, He did that which answers to the slaying of the victims by the high priest before passing through the veil. When He arose and ascended up on high He passed through the heavens, and did that which answers to the presentation of the blood, and the sprinkling before the mercy-seat.



JESU, Best of Masters, draw us by the teaching of this Holy Week, by Thy Holy Passion, by the power of Thy love, nearer to Thyself. Teach us how to love Thee, how to serve Thee, how to abide with Thee, how to constrain Thee to abide with us, how to "make our homes and our hearts Thy dwelling-place, and worthier Thee."



THIS is the anniversary of the institution of the Holy Communion, and words were spoken on the occasion which fill our thoughts, which have affected almost more profoundly than any others the whole history of the Church. "Do this in remembrance of Me."



THIS week we are watching our Lord in His path through the dark vale of suffering, and along the way of sorrows. Our eyes are fixed on but one Figure. To-day we should specially contemplate these two points—His perfect obedience—and His perfect trust or Faith.



THE thoughts of all Christendom to-day are centred in one spot; the eyes of all are turned to Calvary; the attention of all is arrested by the invitation of the Man of Sorrows to turn aside from the routine of daily life, from the cares and pleasures of the world, to behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.



“At length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid  
Deep in Thy darksome bed ;  
All still and cold beneath yon dreary stone,  
Thy sacred form is gone.”



LET us praise, magnify and glorify our Risen Lord for opening the way to that happier destiny; for winning us the prospect of that nobler service. Let us patiently pursue our earthly preparation in humble fear and confidence that as we have striven to bear the burthen of His Cross, so at last we may share the glorious radiance of His Crown.



“And note that every parishioner shall communicate at least three times in the year, of which Easter shall be one.”



We know and feel that Jesus Christ is ever with us, and that He is about our path, and about our bed, and spies out all our ways; that “all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.” He was ever with the Apostles, although they could not always see Him; He is ever with us, although our eyes are holden that we should not know Him.



“If Christ be not raised your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. . . . But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.”



LIFE is offered you in the name of Jesus. If you refuse it the sin and judgment you incur be at your own door. Therefore, while the day of grace lasts, even now, come to the Saviour, and accept the gift offered through Him.



ONCE, like a broken bow, Mark sprang aside;  
Yet grace recalled him to a worthier course,  
To feeble hands and knees increasing force,  
Till God was magnified.



Is Christ my Shepherd? Then He will supply all my need. No good thing will He withhold from those that walk with Him. He will give daily grace to each day's temptations.

Lessons for April.

		MORNING LESSONS.		EVENING LESSONS.	
7	F 6 Sunday in Lent.	Ex. 9	Matt. 26	Ex. 10 11	Luke 19 v. 28, 27 to 21
8	M Monday before Easter	Lam. 1 to v. 15	John 14 to v. 15	Lam. 2 v. 13	John 14 v. 15
9	Tu Tuesday before Easter	Lam. 3 to v. 34	John 15 to v. 14	Lam. 3 v. 34	John 15 v. 14
10	W Wednesday before Easter	Lam. 4 to v. 21	John 16 to v. 16	Dan. 9 v. 20	John 16 v. 16
11	Th Thursday before Easter	Hos. 13 to v. 15	John 17	Hos. 14	John 17 to v. 36
12	F Good Friday. Pr. Ps. M. 22; 40, 54; E. 69, 88	Gen. 22 to v. 20	John 18	Isai. 52 v. 13 & 53	Peter 2
13	S Easter Even. Vig.	Zech. 9	Luke 23 v. 50	Hos. 5 v. 8 to 6 v. 4	Rom. 6 to v. 14
14	F Easter Day. Pr. Ps. M. 2, 57, 111; E. 113, 114, 118.	Ex. 12 to v. 29	Rev. 1 v. 10 to v. 19	Ex. 12 v. 29 or 14	John 20 v. 11 to v. 19 or Rev. 5
15	M Monday in Easter Week.	Ex. 15 to v. 22	Rev. 24 to v. 13	Cant. 2 v. 10	Mat. 28 to v. 10
16	Tu Tuesday in Easter Week.	2 Kings 13 v. 14 to v. 22	John 21 v. 15	Ezek. 37 to v. 15	John 21 v. 15
21	F 1 Sunday after Easter	Num. 16 to v. 36	1 Cor. 15 to v. 29	Num. 16 v. 36 or 17 to v. 12	John 20 v. 24 to 30
25	Th St. Mark, E. and M.	Isai. 62 v. 6	Luke 18 v. 31; 10 19 v. 11	Ezek. 1 to v. 15	Phil. 2
28	F 2 Sunday after Easter	Num. 20 to v. 14	Luke 20 to v. 27	Num. 20 v. 14 to 21 to 10, 17 21 v. 10	Col. 1 to v. 21

## Food Adulteration.

THIS title need not startle any of our readers. We get most of our food now-a-days very good indeed. Everybody likes to know that his food is good, and that he gets what he pays for. What does adulteration mean? Some persons think it is putting useless or worse things in to make a substance weigh more, or look better than it really is. It should, however, be looked at with a "severer eye" than this, and food should be considered adulterated, if it is not all it professes to be, *i.e.*, milk should be milk only, not milk and water; coffee should be coffee only, not a mixture of coffee, chicory, and dirt, and tea should consist of nothing but that is derived from the tea plant; and our meat and fish should be fresh and sound; and our bread free from everything but good, sound wheaten flour, without an admixture of potatoes or alum.

We propose in these few papers, to give a ready means of detecting some of the most common. Some adulterations require great skill and experience to detect: with such as those we do not propose to deal.

### Tea and Coffee.

We will take first our tea and coffee; it is an easy exercise, and requires by no means an expert, at the same time it is interesting. Teas are now cheap as well as good. The tea leaf is something like the rose leaf, a little longer and more fleshy, *i.e.*, thicker. After the tea is infused, that is, covered with hot water, the leaf opens. Some of these should be taken out of the tea-pot and spread out on a sheet of paper. If you find any without the "saw-like" edge, you may be sure that you have leaves that do not come off the tea-plant. A magnifying glass is a help when you are examining tea.

If you suspect that the tea has been coloured at all, either green or black, sprinkle a little of the tea on some cold water. Should the water be at once coloured, the surface of the tea has been coloured, or should any heavy substance fall to the bottom of the vessel, examine that substance. It should not be there.

As was shown by a recent case, *very cheap* tea sometimes consists of tea-leaves which have been used and then dried.

### Chicory.

In the case of coffee adulteration, chicory is the substance suspected. Some people like chicory with their coffee, of course they have a right to have it. We have heard of a mother who sent her little son to the grocer's for "an ounce of coffee, all chicory." This is a matter of taste.

The best way to get coffee is to buy the whole berry, fresh roasted, and grind it yourself first before using, but if you have not a coffee mill you must buy it "ground." On taking home such a sample of ground coffee, take a pinch of it, drop it into cold water; if the water becomes coloured at once with a dirty-looking brown tint, chicory is present; if, however, the water becomes very slowly and slightly tinted, you have a sample of pure coffee. The smell and flavour of coffee will tell you whether the coffee itself is good and free from damaged berries.

B.



### IV.

S. JUSTIN (A.D. 166.)

BY THE REV. MONTAGUE FOWLER (*Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury*).

THE Emperor Trajan was succeeded by Hadrian, who passed some laws to make the condition of the Christians better, but still they were exposed to great hardships and dangers. If there was a famine or a plague, or if the river was flooded and the overflow did damage to the town, or if the army was defeated in war, the blame was laid upon the disciples of Jesus. The people cried out against them, and the magistrates and rulers, not liking to be unpopular, were unjust enough to listen to the demands of the mob, and in this way many of the faithful were put to death by being thrown to the wild beasts, as S. Ignatius had been.

The next Emperor, Antoninus Pius, made a new law forbidding this cruel practice, and thus the Christians were to a great extent protected.

At that time there were many learned men in the Church. Amongst these was Justin, who was born at Sichem, in Samaria, and trained in all the wisdom of the Greeks. The Greeks, not having been taught about God as the Jews had been, tried to find out the truth for themselves, and were divided into different parties, all calling themselves philosophers, that is, lovers of wisdom. St. Paul, when preaching at Athens, was opposed by two of these sects of philosophers, the Epicureans and the Stoics (see Acts xvii. 18). Justin, when a young man, had tried first one, and then another, but could find no satisfaction in any.

One day, as he was walking thoughtfully on the sea-shore, he met an aged man, who began to talk to him, and told him that it was of no use to search for wisdom in the books of the philosophers, but that he must study the Old Testament, where he would find that God was revealed as the maker of all things, and that the ancient prophecies foretold the life and death of the blessed Lord Jesus. In this way Justin was brought to the knowledge of the Gospel, and the more he studied the Scriptures, the more he was convinced of the truth of Christianity. This belief was strengthened in him as he learnt how pure and holy were the doctrines taught by Christ, and as he saw the love which the disciples of Jesus displayed towards each other, and the patience and firmness with which they endured sufferings and death for their Master's sake.

From this time Justin became an earnest professing Christian, and devoted himself to the defence and propagation of the Gospel. He travelled in many countries, wearing always the dress of a philosopher, which gave him an air of authority, and led people to listen to his teaching; and he instructed all who came to him in the doctrines of the New Testament. He lived mostly at Rome, where scholars flocked to him in great crowds, and he wrote a large number of books, defending Christianity against heathens, Jews, and heretics.

The old Emperor Antoninus Pius, died in the year 161 A.D., and was succeeded by his adopted son, Marcus Aurelius. Although this Emperor was famous for gentleness, kindness, and justice, the state of the Christians during his reign was worse than it had ever been except under Nero. The rule laid down by Trajan was that they were not to be sought out. Under Marcus Aurelius the local governors and judge are found to take an active part in persecuting them. The former custom was that "when the Christians were accused, if, after repeated summons, they persisted in refus-

ing to deny their faith, then they were executed without torture." We have still existing an edict (or law) put forward by this Emperor, which says: "We have heard that the laws are violated by those who in our times call themselves Christians. Let them be arrested; and unless they offer to the gods, let them be punished with divers tortures; yet, so that justice may be mingled with severity, and that the punishment may cease as soon as the end is gained of extirpating the crime."

The success which Justin had as a teacher at Rome had for a long time excited the envy and malice of the heathen philosophers; and when the new laws against the Christians were put forward he wrote a second "Apology."

His first Apology, or Defence of Christianity, was written about 140 A.D. He there gives an account of the rites and teachings of the Church, showing the absurdity of the charges brought against its members, and pointing to the strictness and morality of their lives. It is generally believed that this appeal induced the Emperor Antoninus Pius to protect them by the orders he issued that they were not to be attacked, and that informers against them were to be punished.

In his second Apology, written about 166 A.D., and addressed to Marcus Aurelius, he complained of the treatment to which the Christians were subjected, and expressed his belief that he would shortly fall a victim to the plots of his enemies, especially of a man called Crescens, who, soon afterwards, accused him to the judge, on the charge of being a follower of Christ. He was closely questioned as to his belief, and as to what took place at the meetings where the Christians assembled to worship God. He replied that he believed in one God, and in Jesus, the Son of God, who came to be the Saviour of the world; but he refused to say anything which could betray his brethren to the persecutors. The judge thereupon threatened him with scourging and death; but Justin answered that the sufferings of this world are as nothing in comparison with the glory which the Lord promised to His people in the world to come.

Finding that nothing more could be gained by questioning him, the judge asked Justin, and those who had been brought up for trial with him, whether they would offer sacrifice to the gods of the heathen. They firmly refused to do this, or to deny the faith which they held; whereupon they were beheaded at Rome in the year 166 A.D.

It was in this way that S. Justin earned the name of martyr, by which he has ever since been known.



BY REV. W. K. R. BEDFORD.

PART II.

IT must be borne in mind that episcopal blazonry is restricted to seals alone. Cathedrals did not, like castles, display their banner, and muster their retainers under the folds of some heraldic symbol. Though the battle of Northallerton, which terminated so disastrously for William the Lion, King of Scots, derived its name of the Standard from the ecclesiastical gonfanons of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon, which were there displayed; it was the effigy of each saint, and not a pennon or colour of some pattern, which each banner contained.

A Bishop had no Crest.

A bishop had no crest as a layman had; and even Anthony Bek himself, prince bishop of Durham, aggressive and fiery, or Henry Despensers, the fighting prelate of Norwich, had to gratify their warlike propensities under a flag containing their personal arms, and not those of the cathedral over which they presided. The diocesan arms almost always bore some reference to the patron saint of the cathedral, or consisted of some emblem or emblems appropriate thereto. Thus for instance we may observe that the arms of the see of London are two swords, the sword having been the instrument of martyrdom of St. Paul, in whose honour the Cathedral church is dedicated; the arms of Winchester and Exeter unite the sword of St. Paul to the keys of St. Peter. Wells, dedicated to St. Andrew, and Rochester, with the same connection, present us with the saltier, or St. Andrew's cross. Ely is distinguished by the three crowns, assigned by ancient legend to St. Etheldreda; crosses of various design, crosslets, mitres, and pastoral crooks are to be met with.

Archiepiscopal Sees.

The Archiepiscopal sees were originally all distinguished by the bearing of the pallium or pall, conferred upon each archbishop, the strip of lambswool actually worn in such a way as to encircle the shoulders and hang down before and behind, kept in its place by pins with cruci-

form heads fastening it to the chasuble, and therefore represented in the shape of the letter Y, ornamented with four or five crosses. Canterbury, Armagh and Dublin continue to this day to bear the figure just described, but the Archbishops of York since 1531 have assumed the arms which are first found on the reverse of Archbishop Waldeby's seal 1397 (although the face of the same seal displays his private arms impaled by the pall) viz., two keys saltier-wise and an arched crown above them. In Scotland, although James Sharp after the Restoration was advanced to the dignity of Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and Glasgow also had metropolitan prelates, the pall does not



SEAL OF RICHARD DE LA WYCHE, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, 1245-53.

appear on any shield of arms. In fact there are no authorised heraldic blazonries for the Scottish dioceses earlier than in 1672, when the Lyon King at Arms, the head of the Scottish college, established a register, and assigned to several of the dioceses arms, evidently derived from those indications of which traces may be discovered in the devices of more ancient seals. Thus, because a representation of the crucifixion of St. Andrew almost invariably occurs upon the seals of the former occupants of that see, he armorialised this into a St. Andrew's cross as the coat of the Archbishop. In the same vein the archbishops of Glasgow at that date impaled with their paternal arms,

the tree, the bell, and the fish with the ring in its mouth, miraculously caught by command of St. Kentigern, which they had known as persistently appearing on the seals of their predecessors, though not in a regular shield of arms.

The effigies of holy personages too, which we have remarked as occupying the place of honour under canopies upon the seals of the 14th and 15th centuries, were pressed into the service as heraldic charges for shields; the figure of the Virgin Mary in the arms of the see of Man is derived from such a canopied effigy, the two columns between which she is represented as standing being in fact the indication of the niche in the more ancient design. In Ireland, the see of Tuam has for arms three such canopied figures, the Virgin in the centre, between St. Patrick and St. John the Baptist; while Ossory armorializes the familiar effigy of a bishop in canonicals, and a similar pattern prevails in Clogher and Waterford. In Scotland the recorded coats of arms of Galloway and Ross are heraldic reproductions of the St. Ninian and St. Boniface figured upon the earlier seals of these dioceses, and the arms of the Bishop of the Isles, a design found on seals of the early part of the 17th century; but what are called the episcopal arms of Aberdeen, as given by Edmondson, are a mere travestie of the subject of the corporate seal of the town, representing the miraculous restoration to life of three murdered children at Myra, by St. Nicholas, who in the same blundering way is described as St. Michael.

#### A Strange Misdescription.

Another strange misdescription is to be found in the "recognised blazon" of the arms of the diocese of Chichester, "a holy man sitting on a tombstone, &c.," which is actually intended for the figure of our Lord in majesty, sitting on His celestial throne, with a sharp sword proceeding from His mouth, as described in the Revelation of St. John. This identical figure, seated between two swords, appears on the counterseal of Richard de la Wyche, Bishop of Chichester 1245, with a half effigy of the Bishop in the act of prayer beneath; and it was subsequently armorially treated in the escutcheon of the see. At the Reformation it was probably disguised, lest it should be denounced as superstitious.

In some cases the arms of the see have been derived from the private arms of a bishop who happened to preside about the time that regular heraldic blazonry came into vogue. This is certainly the case at Hereford, where the armorial bearings are those of the family of

Cantilupe, which gave that see a bishop in 1295.

#### New Dioceses.

The new dioceses founded of late years in England may, on the whole, be considered to have chosen fairly appropriate armorial insignia. The first of them, Manchester, effectively introduced into its shield the arms of the De Greilli family, the ancient lords of the manor of the great cotton city. St. Albans and Southwell have adopted, with some variation, the ensigns of the former chapters of their respective churches, and at Truro we may recognise in the escutcheon of the new see the distinctive bearing of Cornwall, the border of



COUNTER SEAL OF RICHARD, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, 1245-53.

*poix* (pease), which Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and King of the Romans in 1225, bore as pertaining to his country of Poictou.

#### Colonial Dioceses.

The colonial dioceses have every variety of appropriate and inappropriate device, and, if space permitted, might furnish matter for instructive and amusing notice; but I must content myself with the desultory comments which I have now made, and simply note, as showing the importance of the episcopal seal, that in the province of Canterbury the ancient custom was to render up the seals of deceased bishops to the Archbishop, or to the prior of Canterbury, if the metropolitan see was vacant, and as Mr. Maskell has correctly informed us, the seals of Bishops deceased are still sent to Lambeth, where they are broken. Whether such a practice existed in the province of York I cannot say, but from the registers of Durham it would appear that there the seals of deceased bishops were broken, and offered at the altar of St. Cuthbert.